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A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

Dedicated to Father L. de B——.

"Now blithe old Christmas time has come,
And boys with merry hearts
Go home to visit dear Mamma,
And eat her pies and tarts."

Charles Ogilvie had just returned from school to pass the Christmas holidays with his family, who had left the family seat in ——shire to reside in the bustling town of L—— for the winter months. It was the 23rd of December. The day was stormy, and heavy showers of sleet and rain fell frequently on the plashy streets. Notwithstanding the delight felt by Charles to find himself once more in the dear home circle, we are obliged to confess that the weather had some influence over him, and he seemed as if he had nothing better to do than to lounge from room to room, his hands thrust into his pockets, and to give an occasional half resigned, half impatient glance out at the windows. On one of these occasions his eye rested on a mean looking house, which had escaped for a time being pulled down to make way for its betters. It stood nearly opposite a corner window, and Charles thought it was looking quite ashamed of itself in the presence of its newly-erected and splendidly-decorated neighbours. It evidently felt itself "de trop," alone in the world—"its old companions all were gone;" it had no business there—no fellow-feeling with anything around it, poor old house! Charles felt quite sorry for the old house, it looked so meek, so humble, so woe-begone; and its roof being rather dilapidated—bald with age, so to speak—the rain poured down its front in two streams, for all the world as if it were weeping. Poor old house!

Charles continued to gaze, and wonder if any body lived in it, and if it were haunted, as interesting old houses always should be. One thing was certain—there was no fire in it; all was dark and dismal. The windows looked as if it were impossible a merry blaze should ever again shine through them, they had such an aspect of despair. I think they would have refused admittance to the rays of heaven's own sun—poor old house!

His attention was now attracted by the appearance of two ragged little boys, who came along the street with a hop, step, and jump. They were laughing heartily. It must have been to keep themselves warm. They were so cold and hungry, they could not have laughed for any other reason. They were very pretty boys, and seemed to be six and eight years old only, notwithstanding the look of shrewdness and intelligence in their young countenances—for suffering and privation sometimes make the mind grow, though they stint the body. Charles kept watching the boys, and where should they go but into the old house! No wonder Charles was astonished—how could such hearty laughter gain admittance there? This world is so full of incongruities, it continually puts one out in one's calculations.

At this moment his sister Emma entered, and he hastened to ask her who lived in the old house. Emma did not know; they had come so lately, there had been no time to enquire. Charles declared he must find out, and that he would send over old Joe to hear all about it. And the two young people began to talk, and got more and more interested as they talked—but I will not tell what they said, for it was a secret at that moment. I only know that their guardian angels smiled, and gently shook their wings, diffusing a balmy odour, and that their mother Mary looked down from heaven, and blessed her little children.

It was Christmas eve. Charles and Emma sat by a blazing fire; they were not looking merry. Why? They looked as if they had been weeping. Why? Because they were *so* happy! There is another of this world's incongruities. When we are *very, very* happy, we weep, for all the world as if we were very sorry! I cannot make it out. In case any body should like to know why they were so happy, I had better tell.

Joe was an old serving-man, who had been in the family since he was a boy, although any one who saw him would hardly have guessed how long ago that was. Old Joe was hand and glove with the young people, and was never more delighted than when he could serve them.

"Joe," said Charles, the evening on which my story commences, "I want you to find out for me all about the family that live in that old house over the way. I am sure they must be very poor; and—and nobody *should* be poor at Christmas, Joe."

The old man understood all that was in the boy's heart—he was used to it; he had seen the same in his father and grandfather, and muttering to himself, "He's a true chip off the old block," he

drew the back of his hand across his eyes—I can't imagine why, but he did it.

Next morning after breakfast he beckoned Charles out of the room, and Emma, thinking she should like to hear what he had to say, followed immediately. Old Joe told how, when his work was done the evening before, he thought he would take a look at the outside of the old house, preparatory to inquiring about the inside ; and how it looked so dark and grimsome at first, because the moon was behind a cloud ; but when she shone out again, and cast a mellow ray of light on the building, it put him in mind of the smile with which the Blessed Virgin would regard an old grey-headed sinner who intended to reform, and he became impressed with a good opinion of the old house and all it contained, and thought he would step over that very moment, and see if he could not find out all the outs and ins about it at once.

Old Joe stood at the threshold, and listened for a moment ; he fancied he heard a low wailing sound, and then a soft gentle voice speaking words of comfort. He listened very attentively, and then he could distinguish the words of a prayer he knew right well—"Remember, O most holy Mother, that no one ever applied to thee without obtaining relief."—"Ho, ho!" said old Joe, "we've hit the right nail on the head this time ;" and then he knocked as if he were an old acquaintance, and when the door was opened by a delicate looking woman, she could not believe he was a stranger, his voice sounded so like a voice from home. There was no incongruity this time, for they were the children of the same mother—the one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

It was very well old Joe went over that evening, he found the husband of the delicate looking woman suffering from tertian ague, and very bad indeed. The woman herself seemed to be on the eve of her confinement. She told Joe that they were on their way to Scotland, their native land—"the land of the mountain and the flood ;" that she had kind friends there, well to do in the world, would never see them want. Her husband had been a gardener in the south, but trusting a friend and bad health had brought them to poverty ; and now they both felt their only chance of mending matters was to revisit their native hills, and breathe once more the fresh breezes blowing across the bosom of Loch Earn. She was so sure that the first glimpse of the heather braes would do more for Duncan than all the doctors' physic in the world. On arriving in the town of L——, and finding Duncan too ill to travel, they had been permitted, through the interest of a friend in the Convent of the Sisters of ———, to occupy the empty house for a little, until better able to travel. The good sisters had done much for them, but she knew they had so many to care for she did not like to tell them how very ill off they were, and so—Duncan's bark and wine is finished, and it is too late to go to the convent now. Joe saw it all at a glance—he got the wine and the bark ; he got a good supper for them, the smell of which awoke the boy who slept in a corner ; and as they sat munching potatoes and a piece of bread, they told Joe how they were to be admitted to-morrow into the convent school-room, and see all the sights for Christmas—the manger, the infant, the ox, and the ass ; but they did not know whether the beasts were to be real beasts, or only make-believe! So much for old Joe's report.

After much weighty deliberation, it was calculated that at an old clothes shop the boys might be decently rigged out for not a great deal ; and Charles could afford it, for he had saved his pocket-money, and was rich that Christmas. Old Joe was to manage that. Then some bushels of coals were to be sent, two or three blankets, &c., &c.

All this while Emma was thinking that what they were doing gave them so much pleasure that it was no sacrifice, and she knew the Catholic religion was the religion of sacrifice, and that the infant Jesus and his blessed Mother would be pleased if their arrival were greeted by sacrifice—and then something came into her head. You must know Emma had a very large doll, quite as large as a real baby, and she had supplied this doll with all sorts of changes of raiment, till her mamma thought her rather extravagant and foolish ; but like a good and a wise mamma, she waited the time for convincing Emma that her money and labour could be better applied. Emma had some suspicion that her mamma doubted the propriety of the attentions she lavished on her doll, but she liked it, it was her hobby; so she shut her eyes, or winked very hard not to see what her mamma thought. Now, every body knows—that is, every Catholic body—that there are certain seasons when God sends down from heaven more especial graces on his children, and Christmas is, of course, one of the greatest ; and our guardian angels always flying about, can catch those graces as they flow down on the sunbeams, and shed them over our souls, diffusing a heavenly light and heat—the light of faith, the fire of charity. Emma's guardian angel had not been idle ; he whispered to her that the poor woman was about to have a baby, and that the doll's clothes would keep it so nice and warm. One moment—one moment only she hesitated, and then the sacrifice was made. Some grown young ladies may think this a very trifling sacrifice, but they will please to remember the "long, long ago" when they played with dolls.

It was Christmas eve, as I have said before, and Charles and Emma sat by a blazing fire. "Well," said Emma, "it would be very droll if this poor woman got her baby before we go to see her to-morrow morning."—"It would be very nice, Emma," said her brother, "for then you know it would be so like what happened eighteen hundred years ago, and with old Joe there would be three of us—just the number of the Magi. Come now, Emma, don't smile so sarcastically. Old Joe is no fool ; and I *may* become a wise man, and—" —"Stop, stop,

Charles," interrupted Emma, "you could never make a man of me; the wisdom might be more easily managed." Both the young people began to laugh, but afterwards they returned to their serious conversation, and all ended by their thinking it very probable that their mother Mary would obtain their wish, because they loved her very much. In every difficulty they had been assisted on applying to her; they asked her for all they wanted. "She is our mother," they would say; "Jesus himself gave her to us in the person of St. John—why should we not ask our mother?" and it was indeed wonderful the favours and graces these two children obtained by the simplicity of their confidence.

But it was time to go to bed. Both were to be up very early to attend the first mass at St. Mary's Chapel, and receive the holy communion.

What a beautiful sight it is in a Catholic church to see young children receiving communion! How forcibly it impresses on our hearts the words of our Saviour, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and *forbid them not*, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Happy, happy the children born and bred in the Catholic church!

It was Christmas morning. Charles and Emma were waiting for their papa and mamma to accompany them to mass. They were not speaking to each other, for their hearts were full with the thought that they were soon to be one with the infant God, born on that day. They prayed to the Blessed Virgin that she would herself give them her Son by the hands of the priest.

At this moment old Joe entered on tiptoe (he knew they were praying), and whispered, "The poor woman over the way has got a son." Charles and Emma looked at each other. "Emma," said Charles, "we have been taught to see Jesus Christ in the persons of his poor, shall we not visit this mother and child as if we indeed visited Jesus and Mary? Emma's eyes filled with tears; she pressed her brother's hand, she could not speak, and at this moment their parents entered, and they set off for church.

Mass was finished, and Charles and Emma still knelt. They were giving thanks to that God who had deigned to visit them, and who still rested in their bosom, waiting to hear and answer their prayers.

At this moment a slight noise drew their eyes towards two little boys who knelt before a picture of the Virgin. They seemed as if they had been thanking her for some favour bestowed, or grace vouchsafed. They looked towards the brother and sister, and smiled; then the youngest one approached, and pointing to the picture, whispered, "She will reward you!" It was the children from the old house. They had come to ask the Blessed Mother to bless and preserve their little brother, whom God had given to them on the birth-day of the Redeemer; and when they saw their benefactors, they asked her to bless them also, and they knew they were heard.

Before finishing my story, we must take a look into the old house. A fire was blazing merrily in the chimney. On a bed in a corner of the room a woman reclined on pillows, holding an infant in her arms. A sickly looking man was moving about, preparing breakfast, when a tap came to the door, and Charles and Emma entered, followed by Joe bearing a basket. They approached the bed. The poor woman had indeed that style of countenance which a painter might have sketched for a Madonna. She looked on her infant with a mother's pride as the young people fondled and admired him. They presented their gifts. Emma produced a plentiful supply of baby-clothes; Charles gave a tolerably well-filled purse, which their parents, on hearing the story, had helped them to fill; and Joe's basket contained wine, tea, sugar, &c., &c.—in short, every thing necessary in the circumstances in which the poor people were found. And during the High Mass, while the organ pealed in triumphant tones, and the choristers shouted Gloria, although both were delighted with the music, yet they thought the tones in which the mother thanked them and blessed them on that morning the sweetest music still.

This "tableau vivant" of "the Mother and Child" dwelt on their young minds many a day. Their love for Jesus and Mary burned brighter and brighter; so that they found nothing in the world capable of fixing their affections, and they yielded to the sweet attraction of fixing them on God alone.

Charles is now a Jesuit missionary in the "far west;" and Emma has given herself to God in the Benedictine Convent at P——. They await in joy and confidence the hour when it shall be said to them: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

MARY LIGUORI.

FAIRY RINGS.—It happened once, on a journey to visit the far-famed and beautiful monastery of Batalha, in Portugal, that, on our road we were overtaken by one of those tremendous thunder storms incident to hot climates, and which bear no comparison to the slight movements of the elements in our colder atmosphere. Whilst taking shelter from the fury of the storm, the forked lightning struck several objects not far from us. Soon afterwards, I observed several rings of smoke or gas floating slowly in the air, which, preserving their circular form, enlarged and diminishing alternately until they ultimately settled in that form on the sward before us. In a day or two afterwards, on passing the same spot, I observed on the sward several rings, densely green, two or three inches wide; the grass of which (circumferences or rings) had grown full an inch in that short time, and fungi were beginning to make their appearance. There must have been some very highly fertilising property in the gas; and it has struck me, that the same may take place in the new experiments for promoting vegetation by electric rods and wires. In the country I have always observed that these rings make their appearance after thunder-storms; and I never yet met with a better solution of the phenomenon, than that which accident afforded to me, as above related. —*Correspondent of the Agricultural Gazette.*

O JESU DEUS.

DUETTO.

TRANSLATION.

O Jesus,
Great God, kind Shepherd, sweet Lamb,
O Jesus mine:
O Bread, O Manna, O Power,
What dost Thou not for man!

CHRISTMAS DAY IN ROME.

A LEAF FROM A TRAVELLER'S JOURNAL.

Christmas day in Rome is truly a happy day. On the vigil of that great feast, when the eternal Son of God was born amongst us, you might see the faithful silently walking to their respective churches to prepare, by the consoling duty of confession, for the celebration of the Nativity of our Lord. Laurels and green twigs of every kind are abundantly strewn in front and on the pavement of the churches. Every thing speaks of a high festival being at hand, which all must celebrate with due solemnity. Midnight mass is not allowed in Rome, except to a few privileged churches and convents: but at 8 o'clock at night, in the Sistine Chapel, the pope with the cardinals commences the matins of the following day; and at 10 o'clock at night, the mass of midnight is celebrated. The cardinal who sings it, must be fasting from 12 o'clock of the night previous, unless dispensation to the contrary be given.

When this holy function is ended, all retire; and till the Aurora (about 3 o'clock,) Rome is silent as was that holy night when a Virgin brought forth;—no sound is heard save the Calabrian pipes which real shepherds from that romantic district play beneath the windows of the inhabitants. At the first blush of Aurora, St. Mary Major's bells sound the glad tidings of the Nativity, and wake the slumbering city to vigilant commemoration. The canons of that ancient fane now place over the high altar the first poor couch on which the weeping one of Bethlehem lay—the Holy Crib. It is a hard and comfortless bed—indeed his first and last were so.

The bells of above 300 churches now summon the faithful to the first mass; and thousands of altars in those churches shine with innumerable lights in honour of the joyful time. Music, sweet as that which angel-voices carroled when breaking the stillness of that blessed night, they sung "Gloria in excelsis Deo," now breathes in every temple, and melts the yielding soul to devotion and love. Clouds of odorous incense, the happy emblem of ascending prayer, rise to the vaulted roof of each sacred edifice, while the heartfelt orisons of the servants of God mount to heaven. Many thousands of masses are offered to God by 10 o'clock in the morning. Every altar is richly adorned; every priest habited in his costliest robes; and every citizen in his best attire. "Felicissima Festa" is the Christian salutation of all that know you; and you are convinced by all you see and hear that the day of gladness has dawned—that tidings of great joy are brought to men. The guns of St. Angelo blaze away through their iron throats, and shake the entire city; while the banners waving on the castle walls seem like night clouds moving over the fortress.

At 9 o'clock I hastened to St. Peter's to be present at the high mass celebrated at the chief altar by the Supreme Pontiff himself. How beautifully was the whole interior of that splendid edifice decorated! Two thrones were erected in the grand chancel—one for vesting at, the other for officiating upon. An immense screen of crimson silk damask bespangled with gold, and beautifully festooned, filled up the wide span of the interior, to form a back-ground for the Pontifical throne. The amazing area of the whole chancel was covered with rich carpeting, and the pillars of the church were clothed in silk and gold from plinth to capital. Seats rising in tiers were arranged for ladies in the transept chapels, where none but those in full dress were allowed to enter,—without bonnets, but with their heads covered with long flowing black veils. The benches for the cardinals and bishops were arranged round the great space betwixt the throne and the altar. Lustres shed their countless twinklings; the hundred lamps round the tombs of the Apostles shone brightly; and thousands of tapers beamed on every side.

By 10 o'clock there were at least ten thousand people in that vast edifice. Twelve trumpets now gave tongue at the front door, to announce the approach of the Father of the Faithful. The measured tramp of military was heard—'twas the noble guard, in their richest uniform, advancing down the middle of the nave, with drawn sabres, and caps decorated with white plumes nodding gracefully to their steps. They passed the high altar in two defiles and arranged themselves in two lines, stretching from the altar to the benches of the cardinals. The Swiss guard in their picturesque costume took their places in every point of the church where order might be required, and the dragoons stood in rank and file in the nave, while the infantry were on guard near the porch.

A pause of a few minutes now ensued; at the end of which the unrivalled choir of his holiness sung the exulting anthem in Latin—"I was rejoiced when it was said unto me, we shall go into the house of the Lord." Again silence ensued, and again was broken by the twelve trumpets prolonging their brazen notes, till the extremest angle of the church returned the loud echo. And now came the advance of the procession, consisting first, of the lower officials in beautiful attire, slowly and easily moving, and followed by the next grade of officers: bands of soldiers, household troops, and Swiss in armour, filling up the spaces between the different classes of the procession. Then came the canons and the Roman senator with his attendants; next the monsignors or prelates of the household; about forty bishops followed these, among whom some were Greeks: next the cardinals, each with an attendant train-bearer: and lastly, borne aloft in a magnificent chair, carried by twelve men dressed in rich crimson silk, came that saintly man, who, under Jesus Christ, is the Head of the Christian Church—Gregory the 16th. A splendid canopy was held by twelve others over his revered head, while two large ostrich-feather *flabelli* were waved on each side of him.

At length, without the slightest confusion, every one gained his proper position. His holiness was placed in front of that high altar where repose a large portion of the sacred bodies of Peter the fisherman and Paul the tent-maker—his glorious predecessors. When he had made a lowly reverence to the shrine of the Apostles, the assistant celebrants conducted him to the robing throne, where he vested; after which the mass began in all its full, solemn, and splendid ritual.

How admirable the discipline—how exact and graceful the ceremonies—and how devotional the whole rite! To see the greatest dignitary of the Church humbly confessing himself a sinner before the whole world, and imploring as the meanest that mercy which none can claim;—to see cardinals and prelates, priests and princes, nobles and gentles; to behold every order of men, whether of the secular or the religious state, from crowned royalty down to the shoeless Calabrian, all deeply engaged in the sacred duty of offering to God *more than enough to pay for the redemption of the world;* in the most magnificent temple that the hands of man ever raised; with a ceremonial the most devotional and holy; on a spot too where the fight of faith has been fiercest; where Peter was crucified and Paul beheaded; where the golden-mouthed Chrysostom sleeps, and Gregory reposes; where thousands of martyrs gloriously died; and where every ounce of earth, far and wide around, has been steeped in the blood of the saints and heroic servants of God; to see this amazing galaxy of the great and good of past and present time, reminds you of that other grand assembly where all people and tongues, and tribes, and nations, sing eternally "*to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, bene-*

diction, and honour, and glory, and power, for ever and ever. Amen.

Palestrini's divine compositions were sung without any accompaniment, and by the best choir in the world.

The most moving point in the whole service was the elevation. His holiness was standing on the shrine of Saints Peter and Paul, and expanding his aged hands over the elements in the act of consecration. And now every knee was bent, and even breathing seemed suppressed in expectation of the elevation. The noble guard doffed their plume-crested caps, knelt on one knee, and pointed their sabres to the ground: the dragoons took off their enormous helmets, and kneeling, lowered their swords: the Swiss guards removed their graceful hats, and on one knee presented arms: the men in armour displaced their iron casques, and bent themselves in the deepest reverence; near seventy cardinals and bishops, kneeling on the pavement round the altar, lifted the purple caps from their venerable heads; while the crowd of visitors from every clime awaited the moment when the words of mystic immolation should be pronounced! The silence was sublime! Slowly the pontiff proceeded; but at length the sacrificial words were uttered; and when he raised the veiled victim that all might behold and adore, twelve trumpets from the extreme distance of a lofty gallery over the porch, played a sweet air of soft and long-drawn notes, which filled the whole majestic pile, and shook the hearts of living men to the conscious presence of their Maker—as trumpets shall one day shake those of the dead to the presence of the same Divine Being.

The trumpets ceased, and silence again took place. The consecration of the chalice ended, and when raised for the adoration of the multitude, the trumpets once more breathed their protracted tones along the vaulted roof!

And now "*thrice Holy*" was sung, with the declaration that "*he is blessed who cometh in the name of the Lord.*" The rite proceeded onward till the communion, when His Holiness leaving the altar, ascended the throne, and there kneeling with his face towards the people, his deacon delivered to him the holy eucharist—part of which he consumed, and part gave to the deacon and sub-deacon. The chalice in like manner was given to him, from which he drank through the golden tube; the remainder was consumed by the deacon. His Holiness then gave the holy communion to the Roman senator and to other officials who were not ecclesiastics. The last collect being sung, and having imparted his paternal benediction to us his children, the procession formed to return in the same order in which it had entered.

It seems passing strange that there should be found any one so cold-hearted as not to be moved to devotion by so splendid—so religious a function! And yet such are found—and they are Englishmen! As you leave the church you hear their foolish and crude remarks; one exclaiming against the Pope being carried in a chair by men—forgetting that for a shilling they themselves can be carried by men in England. In your fashionable watering places, a gentleman or lady going to an evening party, and fearing to soil their pumps, calls for a sedan, and—is carried by men.

Another thinks that the ostrich-feather *flabelli*, waved occasionally on each side of the Pontiff as he is borne along his Basilica, is expressive of soft effeminacy; forgetting that he is an aged man who has stood the storms of fourscore winters; that he is surrounded by a dense crowd which heats the atmosphere; that he is faint from fasting; that on many days of the year when he is so carried, the weather is intolerably hot; that he is loaded with the robes of office; that he is trembling with infirmity and needs the refreshing breeze to prevent him becoming dizzy;—all these considerations are lost upon the intellects of Protestant visitors, whose wives and daughters had been fanning themselves as hard as they were able, in the very same church, and at the very same time! Out upon such scorpion critics—I have not patience with them!

MODEL OF CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.

From the Greek of St. John Chrysostom.

NOTHING can be more delightful than true friendship. No affliction shall befall it. In truth, a faithful friend is the medicine of life, a faithful friend ia a strong protection. For what would not a true friend do? What delight does he not cause? What assistance, what security does he not afford? Even should you name a thousand treasures, nothing is comparable to a true friend.

First, then let us speak of the pleasure there is in friendship. Seeing our friend we rejoice and are filled with emotions; our soul entwines itself with his enjoying at the same time an inexpressible delight. Should we only think of him, we are elevated and we fly away to him on the wings of imagination. I speak of true friends who have but one soul—who would die for each other, whose affection is full of fervour, when you see friends who love carelessly, who are companions at a banquet—who are friends merely by salutation, do not suppose that such friendship as theirs disproves what I say. If any one has a friend such as I mention, he will understand the truth of my words. Even though he see him every day he is not satiated: he asks for him in prayer the same graces he asks for himself. Such is the nature of a true friend, that places and times are loved on his account. As bodies of light cast a radiance on the localities in which they are, so do friends impart a portion of their affection to places in which they have been together. And oftentimes standing without our friend in those same places, we weep when we remember the days we have been together, and we send forth sighs of sorrow.

It is not in language to express the delight which the presence of a friend affords; those alone know it, who have had experience of it, and it is right to seek pleasure from a friend and to enjoy it without suspicion. When friends command us to do any thing, we rejoice at it—when they hesitate to do so, we are grieved. We possess nothing which is not theirs: often we despise all things here below, yet on their account we do not wish to go hence. They are dearer to us than the light—yes, a friend in truth is dearer than the light, for it is better to deprive us of the light of the Sun, than to rob us of our friends; it is better to live in darkness than to be without friends, and I will tell you why? Many who behold the sun are yet in darkness, but those who possess friends cannot suffer affliction. I speak of spiritual friends who esteem nothing more than friendship, such as St. Paul was who gave up his soul with cheerfulness, like him we must love with an inflamed affection. To give you an example of friendship—friends, I mean friends in Christ, surpass parents and children in their love.

Homily on the 1st. Epistle to the Thessalonians.

IDLENESS.—There is no greater cause of melancholy than idleness; no better cure than business, as Rhasis holds; and howbeit to be busied in toys is to small purpose, yet hear that divine Seneca—"Better do to no end than do nothing."

AN ESSAY ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

BY JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

THE Author of this book, it is well known, is among the most learned and most influential of recent converts to the Catholic faith, a most illustrious body indeed, whom God has inspired to give up much worldly wealth often, and much worldly consideration always, but for whom He has provided also much interior peace in this world and abundant rewards hereafter, such as neither eye of man hath seen, nor his heart imagined. The work before us has been expected long, and will be found to be every way worthy of the high opinion entertained of Mr. Newman. It is full of deep and varied learning; arguments press on arguments, in the compactness, order, and noiseless strength with which veteran forces march to victory; and the style, too, is just what might have been expected from one gifted with such fine reasoning powers, clear, massive, and without the slightest effort truly eloquent. Had Bossuet announced this 'theory,' he would have presented it to the world with much of the same depth of thought, aptness of illustration, and nervous language possessed, and used on this occasion by Mr. Newman.

The book is written for the more learned and thoughtful portions of the world, and we shall be surprised if it be not much read by them, and if it do not, by God's blessing, exercise most salutary influence on them. From the nature of the subject, it can hardly be *popular*, in the usual meaning of the word, nor is it possible to give a summary of its arguments. The best we can do is, to pick out a few passages, and to recommend those who have the means, to possess themselves of a copy of the book itself.

It was written for the most part before Mr. Newman became a Catholic. He alludes most feelingly to the condition in which he was then, and to his desires, in the motto which he has affixed to his title page,

"OCULI MEI DEFECERUNT IN SALUTARE TUUM,
ET IN ELOQUIUM JUSTITIÆ TUÆ."*

Before the last sheets had gone through the press, the Author was admitted into the Church, and with equal propriety and beauty, he employs the words of holy Simeon to express his unbounded thankfulness.

"NUNC DIMITTIS SERVUM TUUM DOMINE,
SECUNDUM VERBUM TUUM IN PACE;
QUIA VIDERUNT OCULI MEI SALUTARE TUUM."†

In the Preface he refers shortly but more explicitly to this, the personal history of the work.

"Since the above was written, the Author has joined the Catholic Church. It was his intention and wish to have carried his Volume through the Press before deciding finally on this step. But when he had got some way in the printing, he recognised in himself a conviction of the truth of the conclusion to which the discussion leads, so clear as to supersede further deliberation. Shortly afterwards circumstances gave him the opportunity of acting upon it, and he felt that he had no warrant for refusing to do so.

"His first act on his conversion was to offer his Work for revision to the proper authorities; but the offer was declined on the ground that it was written and partly printed before he was a Catholic, and that it would come before the reader in a more persuasive form, if he read it as the author wrote it.

"It is scarcely necessary to add that he now submits every part of the book to the judgment of the Church, with whose doctrine, on the subjects of which it treats, he wishes all his thoughts to be coincident."

What is meant by "*the Development of Christian Doctrine?*" To give the full meaning of this principle at work in the Church, and examples from history of its operations in successive ages, constitute the substance of the book; it is impossible, therefore, to give any adequate idea of the Author's mind in respect to this subject,—we will merely transcribe his own summary

"The highest and most wonderful truths, though communicated to the world once for all by inspired teachers, could not be comprehended all at once by the recipients, but, as received and transmitted by minds not inspired and through media which were human, have required only the longer time and deeper thought for their full elucidation. This may be called the *Theory of Developments.*"

Not recognising for a moment the idea of private interpretation of Holy Scripture being appointed by our Lord as the means of discovering sound doctrine, but proceeding on the principle that what was the only true faith in the first ages of the Church, cannot be made otherwise now because human opinion has chosen to think so, he makes history, and not his own comments on the New Testament, his guide in the search after truth. Which of all religious bodies claiming exclusively to be the one formed by Christ, can show itself nearest of kin to other ages by similarity of worship and union of belief? This is a question of fact, and is to be determined by consulting the annalist, and not one's feelings or thoughts.

"Christianity has been long enough in the world to justify us in dealing with it as a fact in the world's history. Its genius and character, its doctrines, precepts, and objects cannot be treated as matters of private opinion or deduction, unless we may reasonably so regard the Spartan institutions or the religion of Mahomet. It may legitimately be made the subject-matter of theories; what is its moral and political excellence, what its due location in the range of ideas or of facts which we possess, whether it be divine or human, whether original or eclectic, or both at once, how far favourable to civilization or to literature, whether a religion for all ages or for a particular state of society, these are questions upon the fact, or professed solutions of the fact, and belong to the province of opinion; but to a fact do they relate, on an admitted fact do they turn, which

* My eyes have fainted after thy Salvation, and for the word of thy justice—Psalm cxviii. 123.

† Now dost thou dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word in peace. Because my eyes have seen thy salvation—St. Luke, ii. 29, 30.

must be ascertained as other facts, and surely has on the whole been so ascertained, unless the testimony of so many centuries is to go for nothing. Christianity is no dream of the study or the cloister. It has long since passed beyond the letter of documents and the reasonings of individual minds, and has become public property. Its 'sound has gone out into all lands,' and its 'words unto the ends of the world.' It has from the first had an objective existence, and has thrown itself upon the great concourse of men. Its home is in the world; and to know what it is, we must seek it in the world, and hear the world's witness of it."

"Whatever be historical Christianity, it is not Protestantism. If ever there were a safe truth, it is this. Protestantism has ever felt it. I do not mean that every Protestant writer has felt it; for it was the fashion at first, at least as a rhetorical argument against Rome, to appeal to past ages, or to some of them; but Protestantism, as a whole, feels it, and has felt it. This is shown in the determination already referred to, of dispensing with historical Christianity altogether, and of forming a Christianity from the Bible alone: men never would have put it aside, unless they had despaired of it. It is shown by the long neglect of ecclesiastical history in England, which prevails even in the English Church. Our popular religion scarcely recognises the fact of the twelve long ages which lie between the Councils of Nicæ and Trent, except as affording one or two passages to illustrate its wild interpretations of certain prophecies of St. Paul and St. John. It is melancholy to say it, but the chief, perhaps the only English writer who has any claim to be considered an ecclesiastical historian, is the infidel Gibbon. German Protestantism, on the other hand, has been of a bolder character; it has calmly faced and carefully surveyed the Christianity of eighteen hundred years, and it frankly avows that it is a mere religion of man and the accident of a period. It considers it a syncretism of various opinions springing up in time and place, and forming such combinations one with another as their respective characters admitted; it considers it as the religion of the childhood of the human mind, and curious to the philosopher as a phenomenon.

"And the utter incongruity between Protestantism and historical Christianity is true, whether the latter be regarded in its earlier or in its later centuries. Protestants can as little bear its Ante-nicene as its Post-tridentine period. I have elsewhere observed on this circumstance: 'So much must the Protestant grant that, if such a system of doctrine as he would now introduce ever existed in early times, it has been clean swept away as if by a deluge, suddenly, silently, and without memorial; by a deluge coming in a night, and utterly soaking, rotting, heaving up, and hurrying off every vestige of what it found in the Church, before cock-crowing: so that 'when they rose in the morning' her true seed 'were all dead corpses'—nay, dead and buried—and without a grave-stone. 'The waters went over them; there was not one of them left; they sunk like lead in the mighty waters.' Strange antitype, indeed, to the early fortunes of Israel!—then the enemy was drowned, and 'Israel saw them dead upon the sea-shore.' But now, it would seem, water proceeded as a flood 'out of the serpent's mouth,' and covered all the witnesses, so that not even their dead bodies 'lay in the streets of the great city.' Let him take which of his doctrines he will, his peculiar view of self-righteousness, of formality, of superstition; his notion of faith, or of spirituality in religious worship; his denial of the virtue of the sacraments, or of the ministerial commission, or of the visible Church; or his doctrine of the divine efficacy of the Scriptures as the one appointed instrument of religious teaching; and let him consider how far antiquity, as it has come down to us, will countenance him in it. No; he must allow that the alleged deluge has done its work; yes, and has in turn disappeared itself, it has been swallowed up in the earth mercilessly as itself was merciless.'"*

Of sentiments and belief in early ages regarding the Blessed Virgin, history speaks with no uncertainty.

"The special prerogatives of St. Mary, the *Virgo Virginum*, are intimately involved in the doctrine of the Incarnation itself, with which these remarks began. As is well known, they were not fully recognised in the Catholic ritual till a late date, but they were not a new thing in the Church, or strange to her earlier teachers. St. Justin, St. Irenæus, and others, had distinctly laid it down, that she not only had an office, but bore a part, and was a voluntary agent, in the actual process of redemption, as Eve had been instrumental and responsible in Adam's fall. They taught that, as the first woman might have foiled the Tempter and did not, so had Mary been disobedient or unbelieving on Gabriel's message, the Divine Economy would have been frustrated. And certainly the parallel between 'the Mother of all living' and the Mother of the Redeemer may be gathered from a comparison of the first chapters of Scripture with the last. It was noticed in a former place, that the only passage where the serpent is directly indentified with the evil spirit occurs in the twelfth chapter of Revelations; now it is observable that the recognition, when made, is found in the course of a vision of a 'woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet:' thus two women are brought into contrast with each other. Moreover, as it is said in the Apocalypse, 'The dragon was wroth with the woman, and went about to make war with the remnant of her seed,' so is it prophecied in Genesis, 'I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her Seed. He shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his Heel.' Also the enmity was to exist, not only between the serpent and the Seed of the woman, but between the serpent and the woman herself; and here, too, there is a correspondence in the Apocalyptic vision. If then there is reason for thinking that this mystery at the close of Revelation answers to the mystery in the beginning of it, and that 'the Woman' mentioned in both passages is one and the same, then she can be none other than St. Mary, thus introduced prophetically to our notice immediately on the transgression of Eve.

"Here, however, we are not so much concerned to interpret Scripture as to examine the Fathers. Thus St. Justin says, 'Eve, being a virgin and incorrupt, having conceived the word from the Serpent, bore disobedience and death; but Mary the Virgin, receiving faith and joy, when Gabriel the Angel evangelized her, answered, 'Be it unto me according to thy word.'† And Tertullian says that, whereas Eve believed the serpent, and Mary believed Gabriel, 'what Eve failed in believing, Mary by believing hath blotted out.'‡ St. Irenæus speaks more explicitly: 'As Eve,' he says, 'was seduced by the Angel's speech so as to flee God, having transgressed His word, so also Mary by an Angel's speech was evangelized so as to contain God, being obedient to His Word. And as the one was seduced to flee God, so the other was persuaded to obey God, that the Virgin Mary might become the Advocate (Paraclete) of the Virgin Eve, that as mankind has been bound to death through a Virgin, through a Virgin it may be saved,—virginal disobedience

* Church of the Fathers, p. 327.

† Tryph. 100. ‡ Resurr. Carn. 17.

by virginal obedience, the balance being made equal.' And elsewhere, 'As Eve, becoming disobedient, became the cause of death to herself and to all mankind, so Mary too, having the predestined Man, and yet a Virgin, being obedient, became cause of salvation both to herself and to all mankind.....The knot formed by Eve's disobedience was untied through the obedience of Mary; for what the Virgin Eve tied through unbelief, that the Virgin Mary unties through faith.'* This becomes the received doctrine in the Post-nicene Church.

"One well-known instance occurs in the history of the third century of St. Mary's interposition, and it is remarkable from the names of the two persons, who were, one the subject, the other the historian of it. St. Gregory Nyssen, a native of Cappadocia in the fourth century, relates that his name-sake Bishop of Neo-cæsarea, surnamed Thaumaturgus, in the preceding century, shortly before he was called to the priesthood, received in a vision a Creed, which is still extant, from St. Mary at the hands of St. John. The accounts runs thus: He was deeply pondering theological doctrine, which the heretics of the day depraved. 'In such thoughts,' says his name-sake of Nyssa, 'he was passing the night, when one appeared, as if in human form, aged in appearance, saintly in the fashion of his garments, and very venerable both in grace of countenance and general mien. Amazed at the sight, he started from his bed, and asked who it was, and why he came; but, on the other calming the perturbation of his mind with his gentle voice, and saying he had appeared to him by divine command on account of his doubts, in order that the truth of the orthodox faith might be revealed to him, he took courage at the word, and regarded him with a mixture of joy and fright. Then on his stretching his hand straight forward, and pointing with his fingers at something on one side, he followed with his eyes the extended hand, and saw another appearance opposite to the former, in shape of a woman, but more than human.....When his eyes could not bear the apparition, he heard them conversing together on the subject of his doubts; and thereby not only gained a true knowledge of the faith, but learned their names, as they addressed each other by their respective appellations. And thus he is said to have heard the person in woman's shape bid 'John the Evangelist' disclose to the young man the mystery of godliness; and he answered that he was ready to comply in this matter with the wish of 'the Mother of the Lord,' and enunciated a formulary, well-turned and complete, and so vanished. He, on the other hand, immediately committed to writing that divine teaching of his mystagogue, and henceforth preached in the Church according to that form, and bequeathed to posterity as an inheritance, that heavenly teaching, by means of which his people are instructed down to this day, being preserved from all heretical evil.' He proceeds to rehearse the Creed thus given, 'There is One God, Father of a Living Word,' &c.† Bull, after quoting it in his work upon the Nicene Faith, alludes to this history of its origin, and adds, 'No one should think it incredible that such a providence should befall a man whose whole life was conspicuous for revelations and miracles, as all ecclesiastical writers who have mentioned him (and who has not?) witness with one voice.'‡

"It is remarkable that St. Gregory Nazianzen relates an instance, even more pointed, of St. Mary's intercession, contemporaneous with this appearance to Thaumaturgus; but it is attended with mistake in the narrative, which weakens its cogency as an evidence of the belief, not indeed of the fourth century, in which St. Gregory lived, but of the third. He speaks of a Christian woman having recourse to the protection of St. Mary, and obtaining the conversion of a heathen who had attempted to practise on her by magical arts. They were both martyred.

"In both these instances the Blessed Virgin appears especially in that character of Patroness or Paraclete, which St. Irenæus and other Fathers describe, and which the Medieval Church exhibits,—a loving Mother with clients."

* Hær. iii. 22. § 4, v. 19. † Nyss. Opp. t. ii. p. 977.
‡ Def. F. N. ii. 12.

MORNING HYMN.

Again, O Lord, I ope my eyes
  Thy glorious light to see
And share the gifts so largely lent
  To thankless man, by Thee.

And why has God o'er me this night
  The watch so kindly kept?
And why have I so safely waked
  And why so sweetly slept?

And wherefore do I live and breathe,
  And wherefore have I still
The mind to know, the sense to choose,
  The strength to do Thy will?

Is it to waste another day
  In folly, sin and shame,
To give to thee, my heart and hands
  And spurn my Maker's claim?

Is it for honour, wealth, or power,
  My heaven born soul to sell?
Is it to grasp at pleasure's flowers
  Upon the brink of hell?

Is it to grow unto the world
  As glides the world from me
Be one day nearer to the grave,
  And further, Lord, from thee?

No! thus too many days I've spent
  To thee, then, this be given:
Teach what I owe to man below
  And to Thyself in Heaven.

O bring me to my Savour's Cross
  For mercy for the past,
And make me live the coming day
  As if it were my last!

From the Child's Christian Year

A REFLECTION.

One autumn eve I sat alone,
With thought and eye directed to the west;
  The sun had set—his light was not yet gone,
  But where he lately shone
A thick vast cloud hung like a sable vest;
  One aperture disclosed the azure sky,
  Tinted somewhat with saffron dye
So fair, it seemed a place where happy spirits rest.

And then methought in life's career
Dark sorrow thus hangs gloomy oe'r our way,
  When friends we love, than life itself more dear,
  Are now no longer near
To make our hearts beat lightly and be gay:
  But a bright land faith shows beyond the gloom,
  Whose dreary portal is the tomb,
Where souls shall reunite in everlasting day.—*Miro.*

DEFORMITIES OF THE CHEST.

(Abridged from an Essay by William Coulson, Esq., Consulting Surgeon to the London Lying-in Hospital.)

THE deformities of the chest, owing to their universality, are of vast public interest, and afford an extensive field for pathological investigation; for by whatever cause the natural dimensions of that cavity become altered, whether from mechanical compression, deformities, disease of the spine, or other circumstances, the natural action of the organs contained within it must be more or less deranged, and the health of the individual ultimately affected.

The subject has always been one of great interest, and that interest has increased of late years, owing to the prevalent modes of dress—the pressure of stays, busks, &c., by which some of these deformities are caused or increased.

There are two kinds of deformities of the chest to which we shall more immediately direct attention. In the first, the sides of the chest are flattened, and the *sternum*, or breast-bone, is prominent; in the second, the sternum is depressed or concave in front, and the sides of the chest more convex than natural.

In most cases the subjects of the first kind of deformity are of a weak constitution, and sometimes, as Dupuytren observes, the offspring of unhealthy people, dwelling in low, damp, and cold places, ill clothed, and brought up on unsubstantial food.

The deformity exists sometimes from the birth; at others, however, it occurs during childhood, or later. Indeed, Dr. Copland says that his experience leads him to state that it generally comes on gradually after birth, owing to deficient inflation and development of the lungs, arising from the weakness of the muscles of inspiration, and the flexibility of the ribs at the time of birth; that in cases of this description the vital energy of the lungs is insufficient for their healthy action, and the respiratory mechanism unable to accomplish their full expansion, or sustain the continued pressure of the atmosphere; and that it has appeared to him very frequently to be greatly increased, if not altogether occasioned, subsequently to birth, by the very common practice, among nurses, of lifting the child by pressing the palms of the hand on the sides of the chest, immediately under the armpits. In these views Mr. Coulson is inclined to concur, though not disposed to lay great stress on the incidental cause just mentioned.

In this deformity the sides of the chest are very much flattened, one side being sometimes more depressed than the other; the ribs occasionally appear as if driven inward, or as if pressed from one side to the other; and in some children this compression exists to such an extent, that the two sides of the chest can be grasped with the fingers of one hand.

In consequence of this, the sternum projects, like the breast of a pigeon; whence persons with this deformity are called pigeon-breasted. The sternum, however, is not always so prominent as at the first sight appears to be, the projection being formed by the sternal extremities of the ribs, and the sternum itself being either flat, or a little concave at its lower, and projecting at its upper part.

When it is considered how very unfavourable this contracted state of the chest is to the proper development and exercise of the organs contained within, it is but natural to expect that their function should be deranged. The extent of this derangement depends in a great measure on the extent of the deformity.

If no attempt be made to remedy the deformity at an age when the bones are in a pliant state, the patient, sooner or later, falls a sacrifice to some disease of the lungs, or heart, produced or excited by the constant functional derangement to which these organs have been subject.

The external appearances of the chest in the second kind of deformity are directly the reverse of those which we have been considering. The sternum is hollow or concave anteriorly, being pressed inwards, either at its middle, at its lower part, or along its whole extent; the sides of the chest are very prominent, and the ribs very much bent; the chest is broad, but depressed anteriorly; the shoulders are high; and the spine is either straight, or but little altered from its natural shape.

Internally, the lungs and heart are, of course, compressed anteriorly; their functions are correspondingly altered and their structure ultimately suffers.

The constitutional symptoms which attend this kind of deformity are not so severe as those which attend the other. The circulation is hurried, the breathing is generally short and quick, and the patient is frequently subject to cough, or chronic catarrh.

Although, then, the constitutional symptoms be not so severe in this deformity, still it is of the highest importance to attend to the removal of it, as its existence predisposes the patient to pulmonary attacks.

Whatever may be the ultimate cause of these deformities, both local and constitutional means are expedient in the treatment of them.

The constitutional remedies for both deformities are the same. Nutritious diet, regulating the digestive function, and perhaps the artificial salt-water bath, or preferably sea-bathing—in short, we must make use of all means by which the system can be duly kept up.

The local remedies suggested in the Essay are, various exercises adapted to strengthen the muscles which extend from the arms and shoulders to the chest, &c. These, however, must be judiciously directed and employed.

THE WANT OF A TRUE AIM.

"I RESPECT the man," says Goethe, "who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact, that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labour on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut." Is not this an exact description of most men's strivings? Every man undertakes to build his tower, and no one counts the cost. In all things the times are marked by a want of steady aim and patient industry. There is scheming and plotting in abundance, but no considerate, persevering effort. The young man launches into life with no definite course in view. If he goes into trade, he has perhaps a general desire to be rich; but he has at the same time an equally strong desire for present gratification and luxurious living. He is unwilling to pay the price of his ambition. He endeavours to secure the present, and lets go the future. He turns seed-time into harvest, eats the corn which he ought to plant. If he goes into professional life, he sets out with a general desire to be eminent, but without considering in what particular he wishes to excel, and what is the price of that excellence. So he divides his time and talents among a great variety of pursuits; endeavouring to be all things, he becomes superficial in proportion as he is universal, and having acquired a brief reputation as worthless as it is short-lived, sinks down into hopeless insignificance. —*The Art of Life.*

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

As the lightning cometh out of the East, and shineth even unto the West; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.

Unto the East we turn, with watchful eyes,
Where opens the white haze of silvery lawn,
And the still trees stand in the streak of dawn,
Until the Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
And far behind shall open all the skies,
And golden clouds of angels be withdrawn
Around His presence. Then there shall be gone,
Fleeing before His face in dread surprise,
The Heaven and Earth and the affrighted Sea,
And the tribunal shall be set on high,
And we the fiery trial must abide.
Like nightly travellers to the kindling sky
Awake or sleeping to yon eastern side
We turn, and know not when the time shall be.

I. WILLIAMS.

THE TALLOW-TREE OF CHINA.

THE TALLOW-TREE *(croton sebiferum)*, called by the Chinese *co-kieou*, is of the height and appearance of a pear-tree, with twisted branches and a large rounded head. The trunk is short and thick, and the bark smooth. The leaves are alternate, and resemble those of the black poplar. The blossom is yellow; but the most singular part of this tree is the fruit, which is enclosed in a husk, like that of a chesnut. When the fruit is ripe the husk opens of itself, showing three white grains about the bigness of a filbert. These grains contain the beautiful vegetable tallow so useful to the Chinese. The fruit of the tallow-tree goes through nearly the same process as the seed of the oil-plant. The machine by which it is bruised, however, differs from that used in the other case for pounding the seed of the oil-plant; but, says Mr. Abel, "it is, no doubt, often used for both purposes." That writer gives an engraving of it. It consists of a wheel moved backward and forward in the trunk of a tree, which is shaped like a canoe, lined with iron, and fixed in the ground. The axis of the wheel is attached to a long pole, which is laden with a heavy weight and suspended from a horizontal beam. These berries, thus bruised and divided, are exposed for a considerable time to the action of steam until they become very soft, when they are quickly thrown upon layers of straw, covered up again with other layers of straw, and spread about as equally as possible. Men do this with their feet; and as the berries are very hot, and of course warily trodden upon, the operation is said to bear a striking resemblance to dancing. The appearance of a number of men gravely and carefuly performing sundry evolutions on their toes has been described as irresistibly ludicrous, particularly as it is unacompanied by music. By this process large cakes are formed of the mingled grains and straw. The cakes thus formed are afterwards pressed in the same manner as the bruised seeds of the oil-plant. Pressure is, however, not the only method of obtaining the tallow; for it is sometimes procured by boiling the bruised seed in water and collecting the oily matter that floats on the surface. The tallow is hard and white, and has all the sensible properties of that from animals. Du Halde says, that three pounds of vegetable oil are mixed with every ten pounds of the tallow, and that a quantity of wax is used to give it consistence. The best candles are also coated with wax. When properly prepared, they burn almost without smoke, and quite free from disagreeable smell. It does indeed often happen that the candles prepared with vegetable tallow burn with a great flame, throw out much smoke, and consume very quickly; but this must be attributed to a slovenly and dirty mode of preparation, and to the nature of the wick, which is usually made of a dry and light wood, not much unlike the wick of a rushlight. Candles made of this tallow by Europeans have been found very nearly equal to those made of wax.

The tallow-trees are usually planted in extensive plains, and in regular order. The leaves being either of a deep purple or brilliant red, and the blossoms of a bright yellow, the contrast is said to have a very pleasing effect; and European travellers have described the groves of those trees as the most beautiful objects in the Chinese landscape, having a resemblance to extensive flower gardens.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." *Luke* ii. 10.

My soul, why art thou thus deject?
And why art thou disturbed in me?
Trust thou in God; his aid expect,
Who is the only help for thee,
And doth thy sighs and sorrows see.

Oh! that He once the heavens would reave,
And so come down: for prophets tell,
Behold a virgin shall conceive
A Son, fore-named Emanuel,
Who shall descend, with us to dwell.

And see! that heavenly news comes down,
That joy to all men shall afford;
This day is born, in David's town,
A Saviour,, which is Christ the Lord,
According to his holy word.

This is the day the Lord hath made;
Let us rejoice therein with mirth;
And be not thou, my soul, so sad,
But since thy God is born on earth,
Sing Alleluia at His birth.

WILLIAM AUSTIN.

POTATO JELLY.—The readiness with which a good-sized basin-full of thick jelly may be procured from a single moderate-sized potato, is a fact worth knowing. I have several times repeated the experiment, and find that it does not require more than eight minutes to change a raw potato into a basin-full of most excellent jelly, which has only to be seasoned with a little sugar, nutmeg, and white wine to please the most fastidious palate. To obtain this jelly in perfection, let a potato be washed, peeled and grated; throw the pulp thus procured into a jug of water and stir it well. Let this stand for a few minutes, and a sufficient quantity of starch will have fallen for the purpose required. Pour off the water, and then keep stirring up the starch at the bottom of the basin while boiling water is being poured upon it, and it will soon and suddenly pass to the state of a jelly. The only nicety required is, to be careful that the water is absolutely boiling, otherwise the change will not take place. Mr. Darwin has recorded an instance of some of his attendants being unable to boil potatoes above a certain height on the Cordileras, owing to the diminution of pressure not allowing the water to become sufficiently heated before it boiled. There may, possibly, be some connexion between the conditions under which potatoes can be boiled, and their starch converted to jelly. Upon comparing this jelly with that from the starch called arrowroot, and obtained direct from Bermuda, I find a difficulty in my own person in discriminating between their flavour, though an invalid, in the habit of eating arrowroot. The difference, however, becomes more sensible when both jellies are made palatable with sugar, &c. for then both the invalid (myself) and another person were equally decided in our preference of the jelly from the potato to that from the arrow-root, the latter possesing rather a mawkish flavour, as though it had been prepared with smoky water. I know not whether medical men are able to point out any real difference in the composition of starch obtained from potatoes and that from the arrowroot, or whether past experience has shown them that the one is a more nutritious food for the invalid than the other; but, certainly, arguing *á priori*, and with no wish to give them an opportunity of trying the experiment upon myself, I am inclined to think, that sending to Jamaica for arrowroot starch, at 2s. 6d. to 3s. a pound, is a most superfluous extravagance, whilst we can manufacture that from potatoes at home for about a ½d, or a 1d.

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